

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 724.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1869.

VOL. XXVIII. No. 21.

The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

(Continued from page 349.)

II. THE INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

From what precedes we may conclude that musical *timbre* results from the fusion of acute notes more or less numerous, more or less intense, with a fundamental sound. This important discovery gives the means of characterizing the rôle of the various musical instruments, and of establishing in some sort the harmonic hierarchy among them. I begin with the instruments whose sonority is not only poor, but even locked up in perpetual discords. Bells, tuning-forks, harmonicas, drums and tambourines offer few resources and but a perilous employment to musicians. The sounds drawn from them are accompanied by super-acute parasites in discord with the fundamental note. I have told how this defect may be corrected in the tuning-fork (*diapason*), by placing it before a sound board. Then it gives but one vibration, one simple sound, always the same, and it has in the orchestra but one perfectly well-known kind of utility.

It would not be so easy to smother the dissonances of a bell; all the art of founders is applied to finding empirically a form such that the upper notes shall not jar too much with the fundamental note. Meanwhile an accurate ear finds little pleasure in the chimes of which certain cities are so proud. Their music is false, and these perpetual dissonances, whose perpetual return brings out their harshness in still stronger relief, torture a sensibility at all delicate. The bell, it is true, has been employed in operas to produce certain dramatic effects; but then it best fills its part when it throws a sort of lamentable confusion into the whole orchestra.

Membranes offer few resources for harmony. Yet modern composers have strangely abused the kettle drums, and frequently their roll is heard entirely out of place. The ordinary drum serves to vigorously mark the rhythm of a march; the tambourine accentuates the measure of a rapid dance; but these, it must be confessed, are instruments of savages, and musical science can despise them.

The most docile instruments to harmony will always be the vibrating strings: with a few violins, Mozart, Beethoven, lift the human soul to the loftiest heights of musical emotion; nothing thrills our inmost being so profoundly, nothing imparts an impulse, an *élan* so full, so noble, as the rich and powerful accords of an orchestra of stringed instruments. Hence the lyre is still the symbol of grand harmony, of that which combines sounds and not noises, that which has a soul in fact; hence the violin, the viol, the harp are, with it, the only attributes which painters give to music. For the same reason Domenichino, in a celebrated picture, has not hesitated to show us Saint Cecilia playing the double bass. The stringed instruments are divided into two classes: in the first, the strings are pinched or struck; in

the second they are rubbed, fretted with a bow. To the first class belong the piano, the harp, the guitar, the lyre, and the violin when played *pizzicato*. The strings pinched or struck give out a sound very rich in harmonics (overtones); the number and intensity of these depend upon the way in which the string is agitated, the point at which it is agitated, and finally upon its thickness, its stiffness and its elasticity. On the harp and the guitar, it is pinched with the finger; on the lyre they use a ring or plectrum. On the piano, the string receives a lively blow from a hammer. The greater the shock, the more does the live force impressed upon the string tend to multiply harmonic undulations there. Hence there is advantage on the piano in employing heavy and very elastic hammers which rebound with force. The makers know that the composition of these hammers has the most direct influence on the *timbre* of the instrument. With a good piano, one easily hears the first six harmonics of each note; the seventh fails to be heard, because the makers suppress it in choosing a convenient point where the hammer may strike the string.

As we have said, we have only to suppress a vibration to determine a node at one of the points where that vibration would necessitate a belly. Touch, for example, the middle of the string, and it will not be able to vibrate in its whole length, nor by thirds, nor by fifths, &c. On the piano, the hammers are so placed that they strike the strings at points placed somewhere between the seventh and the ninth part of their length. The experience of two centuries has led the makers to adopt this empirical rule, and theory demonstrates that it has precisely the effect of suppressing, or at least considerably weakening, the seventh and the ninth harmonic, both of which are in dissonance with the tonic. In the high octaves the strings are very short and very stiff, and they are struck still nearer to the extremity to leave more liberty to the development of harmonics and give brilliancy to the sound. On these upper parts of the instrument the harmonics are generated with difficulty on account of the extreme tension of the strings; but, in the middle and lower parts, it happens that certain harmonics are more intense than the fundamental sound itself. The touch has a marked influence on this phenomenon; hence there is no instrument whose *timbre* is so variable, so supple, so personal as that of the piano. Under skilful fingers, it lends itself to the most different effects, and seems to assume different voices at the artist's will.

The contact of the bow on strings determines vibrations whose theory is not so simple as in the case of a simple shock. The harmonic notes spring forth always with facility under the gentle torsion of the bow. The fundamental note thus obtained is relatively more powerful than that of a piano or a guitar; the first six harmonics remain more feeble; but on the other hand the more acute, from the sixth to the tenth, are very dis-

tingent, which gives a more piercing brilliancy to the total sound. Everybody knows that the strings of the violin communicate their vibration to a sonorous box, made of thin and elastic wood, which plays the part of a *resonator*. The quality, the *timbre* of sounds depends not only on the stroke of the bow, but also on the more or less perfect elasticity of the sonorous chest, on the most delicate *nuances* of its curves. A bad player will snatch but dry and gritty sounds from one of those violins which artists venerate and dispute the possession of: a good violinist will easily succeed in drawing from a mediocre instrument sounds tender, rich and undulating.

Let us turn to another order of instruments, the wind instruments. In some, the current of air breathes against a sharp edge; in others, it sets in vibration a sort of elastic tongue, which is called a *reed*. To the first class belong the flutes and a numerous category of organ pipes. In the flute, the mouth of the artist launches a current of air upon the sharp edge of an orifice in a cylindrical tube. In organs, we see square pipes of wood open at the top, or cylindrical tubes of tin which are closed; these great columns of air are set in vibration by the jet of wind against a sharp wedge. The air receives a series of shocks upon this wedge and produces a sound which is the confused mixture of a multitude of notes. The column of air, filling the office of a resonator, appropriates and swells out those notes, among the rest, whose vibrations agree with its own; in developing themselves these notes soon silence the little murmur about the orifice, and then you only hear, from a distance especially, the powerful harmony of its dominant. The *timbre* of the pipe depends then on the number and the intensity of the harmonics which it is fitted to produce. The slenderer the tubes are, the more easily can the imprisoned column charge itself with vibrations; on the contrary, the more they are enlarged, the more difficulty has the column in subdividing itself, and the more predominance is given to the fundamental note alone. Hence the registers composed of fine and slender cylinders represent, so to speak, the stringed instruments in the majestic orchestra of the organ; such registers are called the *violin principal*, the *violoncello*, the *bass*, the *viola*. They furnish a rich and colored sound, in which one may distinguish as many as six overtones. In the largest pipes the overtones vanish; in what are called the *principals* or *diapasons*, whose *timbre* it is that essentially characterizes the organ, the fundamental note predominates, grave, soft, yet powerful, and the overtones are reduced to a secondary rôle. In registers of wooden pipes you hear only the octave with a trace of the high fifth; all the rest have disappeared.

The particular character of wind instruments depends upon the swiftness of the jet of air, which has a direct action on the fundamental note; by launching the wind more and more swiftly we obtain, not more or less intensity of the same note, but a succession of harmonics. Hence it

* Translated for this Journal from "La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique." Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867.

will not do to count upon the wind to obtain the shades of *piano* and *forte*; to swell or diminish the sound, there is no other means but to change the registers, to employ now the most resounding, the most richly *timbred*, now the more soft and the more veiled. The organist, then, meets with special difficulties in expressive playing; he cannot modify the accent except by discontinuous jerks. Thus the organ is not suited, like the stringed instruments, to a certain impassioned music, which nurses the musical sensibility, caresses and envelops it in supple and, as it were, live embraces. On the other hand, what majesty there is given to its play by the plenitude of notes, which, so long as they are held, preserve the same power! How well those masculine, resolute, patient voices, in which you never feel a human emotion, suit an austere music, which seeks its effects only in learned combinations of harmony! The impersonal character of the organ makes it the religious instrument *par excellence*; there is something more implacable in its roarings and its thunders than in those of an ordinary orchestra; and in its sweetest and most tender melodies one often feels a strange serenity, a strange detachment from human passion; the trouble becomes terror, the pleasure ecstasy. Raphael, wishing to paint sacred Music, shows us Saint Cecilia offering to heaven a little set of organ pipes which she holds in her hands: at her feet lie, in disorder and half broken in pieces, instruments of profane music, viols without strings, tamborines, triangles, &c.

In the reed instruments, the vibrations are produced by a little torque, which trembles under the current of air coming from a bellows or the lungs. This means is used in certain registers of the organ, in the *harmonium*, in the clarinet, the oboe, the bassoon. The human lips themselves perform the function of a membranous reed upon the horn, the trombone, the ophicleid, and the brass instruments in general. What characterizes the sound in these last instruments is the intensity of the most acute harmonics; hence their hard, crying, piercing *timbre*. One might call the brass the instruments of dissonance; hence they should be used only in an orchestra; they are condemned to an accessory part, and we must beware how we allow that part to predominate.

To sum up the whole matter: Does the musician want a soft sound, without force, poor in harmonics, he has the flute. Does he want sounds full, but clear, and yet softened, he has the piano, the open organ pipes, certain notes of the horn. Does he want a hollow sound, such as results from the isolation of the *odd* harmonics (3, 5, 7), he has the stopped pipes of the organ. Does he want a nasal sound, where there are also none but *odd* harmonics, but where the most acute predominate, he has the clarinet. Does he want sounds expressive, penetrating, rich, he has the stringed instruments, the hautboy, the bassoon. Finally, does he want sounds shrill, hard and reverberating, he has but to choose among the instruments of brass.]

Robert Schumann.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

There is some analogy between the history of Schumann's music in England and that of his artistic life. The composer whose genius has battled so long for recognition made a weary search before he found out where his strength lay. As the schoolboy of Zwickau, devoting

spare hours to the piano; as the law-student of Leipzig and Heidelberg, mixing up music and jurisprudence; and as the pupil of Friedrich Wieck, laboring at the key-board so hard as to disable a finger, Schumann was groping his way into the light, with confused ideas of its whereabouts. But when Dorn had opened up to him the entire field of musical expression, the light was found, and Schumann saw himself the prophet of a new artistic faith. In modern times poets establish journals, and by means of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* the young composer founded a propaganda which is working still, because the world is not yet converted. He preached down forms and exalted idealism; he demanded that music should be liberated from the trammels of precedent, and be free as his own fantastic imagination. Schumann was desperately earnest, and tried hard to reduce his theory to practice. But he found this more difficult than either its conception or its advocacy. Nevertheless, he worked on through what was really a "storm period," with painful devotion. His earlier compositions show how visionary were the ideas on which he hoped to base the canons of art, and of what mental licentiousness he had to get rid. For the creed that, in his young enthusiasm, Schumann set himself to preach, though in part true, was in greater part false. His intensely poetic temperament demanded a complete idealization of that which after all has largely to do with the real. He could not bear to see the genius of art restrained like a hobbled Pegasus. By so much did Schumann's passion get the better of his reason. He mistook music for a branch of metaphysics.

It was not surprising that even so earnest an advocate of an exaggerated truth should come to see its real proportions, for Schumann was, above all, conscientious. As the ardor of youth abated his sight grew clearer; moreover, the charm of Mendelssohn's purity and sweetness began to work upon his mind. It may be, also, that the influence of a gifted wife had something to do with the manifest difference between the first and second periods of his career. At any rate, the date of his first symphony (1841) marked the beginning of a series of works which, though strongly individual in conception and treatment, shows that the composer had made a compromise with the dogmas he would once have overturned. The old heaven was still apparent, but not less so now Schumann had come to look upon the older masters as other than prophets of an effete dispensation. In the union of highly original ideas with acknowledged modes of expression which marks his second period lies Schumann's strength, and hence the works written between the dates of his first and fourth symphonies will determine the place he must definitely hold. Earlier he was a dreaming enthusiast, later a hypochondriac.

We mentioned at the outset that there is an analogy between Schumann's career and the history of his music in England. Such a man could not arise without drawing to himself a few disciples, between whose active enthusiasm on the one side and the passive unbelief of the great majority on the other a long contest would inevitably take place. In this respect Schumann stands alone. Haydn and Mozart, with their unflinching melody and transparent treatment, Mendelssohn uttering his poetical thoughts in most mellifluous numbers, and Schubert touching every heart with piquant simplicity or melancholy grandeur, were promptly welcomed by the English public; while Beethoven was only rejected for a time when he uttered the "dark sayings" to which, even now, few possess a key. Schumann, on the contrary, has had to fight for every step towards public favor, and the conflict is not half over yet. We charge nobody with unfairness or prejudice in this matter. The fault, if fault there be, lies with Schumann himself, who chose, or was impelled, to write, caring less for the beauty of his work than for its faithfully reflecting certain trains of thought or emotional conditions. He could have taken no more certain means of arousing wide-spread distrust, if not dislike. The sticklers for form would have nothing to do with

one who made form subservient, while those who wished to be pleased without effort of their own turned away from music the meaning of which—if it had any—required patient seeking out. The vitality of Schumann's creations under circumstances like these is an argument in their favor. That cannot be an insignificant thing, about which the entire musical world has contended for years, and still contends with unabated earnestness. But vitality may legitimately mean something more to the composer's disciples. They may take it as an earnest of final success. As with men, so with movements—if infancy be outlived, the chances of maturity are favorable. Twenty years have passed since Schumann wrote the works upon which his fame will rest. That those works are not only living now, but exciting more attention than ever, warrants a hope as to the future bright enough to satisfy their most exacting advocate.

It is evident that Schumann has been making not a few English friends of late. Some who stood aloof at first, and demanded to know the stranger before they trusted him, have permitted friendship to take the place of suspicion. Others, who honestly objected to him for what they considered faults, have since discovered merits on account of which they more than tolerate the sinner. And others again—a far larger number—who merely echoed the cry of the hour, begin to quaver in their accents. Much of this result is owing to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which Schumann has been exhibited through evil as well as good report with a constancy that deserves success. Happily for the composer, Messrs. Grove and Manns—each in his way as great an enthusiast as ever was their common idol—possess exceptional resources, and are able to do their work in the most perfect manner. For example, the production a few weeks back of the Symphony in E flat was worth a hundred essays upon its composer's genius, and made an impression not likely to be soon effaced. Schumann's advocates may well be proud of the work in question, for it is an example which goes far to establish their case. Of its character and purport the master himself has told us somewhat. The Rhine and Cologne Cathedral had each a part in suggesting the five movements composing it, three being due to the national river, and two to the religious edifice. Schumann gave the former a popular cast, and never more successfully proved the elasticity of his powers. Both the opening *Vivace* and the closing *Allegro*, not less than the quaint *Scherzo*, strongly reflect the composer's individuality, yet they are as clear, straightforward, and intelligible as could be wished. Nothing by Schumann is more unlike the popular idea of the master. It is rollicking, sunshiny music, which might suggest the (operative) revels of Rhenish grape-gatherers. The other movements are hardly so satisfactory. The inconsequential musing of one who rambles through a Gothic cathedral is apparent in the *Andante*; while the *Religioso*, though here and there interesting, conveys the notion of a man struggling with ideas beyond his power of expression. But, these things notwithstanding, the entire work is calculated to make every impartial mind avoid a hasty judgment of its composer. The claims of a man able to write the Symphony in E flat must not be refused a thoughtful hearing.

The domain of music is a wide one, and affords ample room for Robert Schumann. Even if this were not so, room should be made for one who comes with such independent thought and original expression. If any have to remain outside, let them be the manufacturers of music after other men's patterns, of whom we have enough, and to spare. But the author of Schumann's four symphonies—of his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, &c.—should be welcomed as one who speaks, because having something new to say. His speech may be strange, but that of itself is no reason for rejection or even doubt.

G. Rossini.

(From *Le Ménestrel*. Translated for the *Musical World*.)

The death of Rossini has been the European event of the week, so much so, indeed, that the

obsequies of Rothschild, the great king of finance, passed by almost unnoticed. This striking and universal homage rendered to genius is a public testimony of the noble emotions engendered by music, which has become, in France as well as in Germany, an art profoundly national, affecting the popular masses equally with the highest strata of society. The venerated likeness, and the biography of Rossini, cried about the streets at five centimes a piece, found their way spontaneously among the people, while the members of the fashionable world seek for the least relics of the great man, and rival each other in their efforts to possess them. The name of Rossini is heard on all lips; it is in the air, like some magic vibration to which no human being can remain indifferent. The reason is that no man ever achieved a fame more popular, and, at the same time, more aristocratic than Rossini's. The strains of the Swan of Pesaro are graven in the memories of all, and will ever remain so. They are indelibly incrustated in high comedy and in grand drama. The music of the *Barbiere* and of *Otello* will live as long as Beaumarchais and Shakspeare. But let us leave to the voice of one endowed with the due authority, with eloquence, and with a conviction of the truth of what he utters, the task of sketching in, with bold strokes, the portrait of this mighty musical genius; let us at once make room for the words pronounced by M. Ambrose Thomas, in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, at the tomb of the great master whose loss France deplores as deeply as Italy. J. L. H.

ORATION OF M. AMBROISE THOMAS.

"My emotion is profound, and I should find it difficult to overcome this extreme agitation which I now experience, were I not borne up by the thought that I am speaking in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, of the Institute.

"By doing me the honor of entrusting to my care the formidable mission of representing it at this moment, the Academy wished that the expression of its regret—this public act of solemn homage—paid by it to the colleague it was so proud of possessing, should come from the lips of a musician, the most humble and the most fervent of Rossini's admirers.

"Gentlemen, when we behold a man of genius disappear from among us, when we see one of those lights expire which have illumined an entire age, the most eloquent praise of all would be, perhaps, to incline ourselves in mournful silence.

"I shall not attempt, therefore, to trace the life and the works of Rossini; others will perform that immense task; but, at this hour of our last farewell, it becomes the Academy to remind you of the attractive influence this extraordinary man exerted upon his art.

"Springing from the beautiful Italian school; endowed with a fertile imagination; and animated by the most brilliant intelligence, he enriched the stage, from the very commencement of his career, with works of incomparable vigor and brilliancy.

"Who does not remember the astonishment, the disputes, the storms, his appearance excited in Italy? But by what triumphs were those conflicts followed! The noise of them, soon spread through all Europe, and Europe became enamored of his luminous genius, and welcomed the successful innovator.

"It was by the external form which he possessed the art of giving to his works, and by the variety of his striking rhythms, and, also, by the marvellous skill with which he brought out to the best advantage the talent and the charm of great singers, that he earned the title of an innovator.

"This superiority alone, and the universal favor then bestowed upon Italian singing, even in its excesses, would have sufficed to make Rossini the great enchanter of the world.

"His rapid and prodigious renown, due to the seductions of a school of art which will never entirely escape the reproach of sensualism and frivolity, would, perhaps, have not endured so long, if to the attractions of this external form there had not been united beauties of a higher order. Dramatic life and movement; truth of character; abundance and clearness of ideas; harmony of proportion; elegance and charm of style—such are the beauties which Rossini has scattered through his works, which he thus stamped with the impress of a great master.

"If, in light music and in comedy, he has often proved himself imitable, to what a height has he not attained when treating the most severe subjects? With what nobility of sentiment and with how powerful a hand has he not traced the most grandiose scenes! His last dramatic masterpiece, *Guillaume*

Tell, written expressly for France, displays to brilliant advantage and in the most admirable unity the elevation of his thoughts, the richness of his imagination and the majestic serenity of his style.

"From the remembrance and consideration of Rossini's works, ought we not to day more than ever to derive a salutary lesson?

"How was it that this marvellously gifted melodist became a thinker and a great musician? It was by studying assiduously the models of every school: it was by giving his mind up more especially to Haydn and to Mozart, whom, during all his life, he absolutely worshipped, that this man of spontaneous genius subjected himself to healthy traditions, and acquired that sense of the Beautiful, that love of form and of grand lines, and that knowledge of architectural order, which render works of art imperishable.

"Let no one be mistaken! Under an appearance of scepticism, Rossini concealed an artist of deep faith; those who saw him during the years of his retirement, years so well filled up, and so productive, as people will soon discover; those who were fortunate enough to enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the delicacy of his wit and the amenity of his character; those persons know with what interest he followed the movement of musical affairs, and how correctly he judged the period of trouble and bewilderment through which our art is passing.

"He looked forward calmly to the Future; everything about him, even to his smile, announced his confidence in the triumph of the immutable principles of the Beautiful.

"He had a right to reckon on the equitable judgment of posterity, and to believe, with us, in the immortality of his works!

"Gentlemen, one word more, one more act of homage, rendered not only to the great genius but to the man of heart! Desirous of leaving a last testimony of his love of art, and of his sympathy for France, his adopted country, Rossini recently founded two prizes of three thousand francs, to be awarded every year in his name, one for a piece of poetry, and the other for a musical composition, lyrical or religious.

"The Academy will take pride in being connected with this noble and generous thought. In the name of the young artists of France, who alone will be allowed to compete, let us at once give expression to a feeling of lively and profound gratitude.

After these last words of M. Ambrose Thomas, words greeted by prolonged marks of approbation, we will place before our readers the actual text of this double legacy, bequeathed by Rossini:

THE ROSSINI PRIZE.

TESTAMENTARY DIRECTIONS.

"I desire that, after my decease and that of my wife, there shall be founded, at Paris, and exclusively for Frenchmen, two prizes, of three thousand francs each, to be awarded annually for ever: one to the composer of a piece of religious or lyric music, the composer being bound to pay particular attention to melody, so neglected at the present day; and the other to the author of the words (prose or verse) to which the music is to be wedded, the said words being perfectly appropriate to the music, and the laws of morality, to which authors do not always pay sufficient attention, being observed in them. These productions will be submitted to the consideration of a special committee, chosen from among the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the committee shall decide which of the competitors shall have deserved the prize, called the 'Prix Rossini,' to be awarded at a public meeting, after the performance of the piece, either in the building of the Institute, or at the Conservatory.

"It has been my wish, in bequeathing this legacy, to leave to France, a country from which I received such kindness, a testimony of my gratitude, and of my desire for the perfection of that art to which I consecrated my life.

G. ROSSINI."

We must also inform our readers that, by the same will Rossini, being equally anxious to consecrate his entire fortune to music and musicians, bequeathes all his property eventually—comprising the proceeds of the sale of his *objets d'art*, instruments, and curiosities—to his native town Pesaro, for the purpose of founding a Conservatory, which, like, by the way, the two prizes founded by him, shall bear his name.

Otherwise, except two small legacies to relations, and the twice twenty Roman crowns given by him, *ab irato*, to the city of Bologna, there are no particular testamentary directions. He leaves his widow for her life his villa in the Bois de Boulogne, together with his actual fortune,

and the complete collection of his manuscripts and posthumous works, which will constitute quite another fortune. His admirable Mass, composed for his friend, Pillet Will, would alone suffice to do so. One thing may be confidently asserted, namely, that this monumental work, scored by the hand of the master himself, will render him a second time celebrated in a department of music in which his immortal *Stabat* has already placed him so high.

This admirable Mass was not heard at Rossini's funeral service; the prayer from *Moïse* set with Latin words, fragments of the *Stabat* combined with fragments from the respective *Requiem*s of Jomelli, Pergolesi, and Mozart—Mozart, for whom Rossini entertained so deep an affection, and whom he used to call the master of masters—had to be given instead. Jomelli's "Libera" was selected on account of the admiration which Rossini expressed for this magnificent piece at the meetings of the Academic Society for Sacred Music, founded and directed by M. Vervoitte.

Rossini's Legacy.

The old Swan of Pesaro died singing, but not a tune of resignation. He loved Paris, and chose to be buried in Paris; but his heart, as to music, was in Italy. He had no good feeling for those who had destroyed the Italian opera, and in his way he recorded his unchangeable opinion of the real effect of the new school. It has destroyed melody: Rossini knew this, no one better, and he has sent out his executors, like Diogenes of old, with their lanterns to find if possible "a Melodist." The French opera composer, if he be anything more than a dance-tune maker, is an odd union of pedant and philosopher, and his music is a calamity on the classic composer and a calamity to the hearer. He is alternately specious and false, dull and stupid, ferocious and diabolical. His subjects generally involve life without duty, man without conscience, wrong without reason, power without justice, and how can the beauty and joy of melody sympathize with such miserable and mischievous caricatures of humanity? Take out the music on the dance forms, what is the residuum of a modern Parisian opera? The *adagio* breathes the utmost lassitude, or a grumbling discontent. The *mean* situation is simply paralysis, and the strong one a hideous noise, more like a yell than the honest fiery struggle for passionate expression. And as composition it is the rejection of law, a defiance of tradition,—the product of a conceit and ignorance that has determined neither to regard nor use the works of past time, nor take any lesson from the wisdom and examples offered by the fathers of old. Rossini saw the hollowness of the meretricious system, and was not the man to be led away from the dramatic life and real lyrical music by the errors of vanity and inexperience, however huge, monstrous, dazzling and interminable they might be made. The composer of the "*Stabat Mater*" possessed the power of real creation, for he was a genius and could calculate for himself. Music was with him an enjoyment, a charm, a delight; he could not present it as an indifference or something disagreeable, and the thought of making it a horror never entered his mind. He enchanted his auditors and laughed at them: no doubt it was conduct inartistic and immoral, but it amused him, filled his pockets and made him immortal. If his conduct appeared incomprehensible he offered no explanation and if inexcusable he declined apology. He was neither pedant nor philosopher in the French way of making music.

The school that has destroyed the lyrical opera has been rightly called "the Satanic." The German (Weber) called up the spirit from the forest—an old friend, long fixed into the memories of the people, and the people welcomed his resurrection and felt the power of the new phase; but the Frenchman called up the devil, and musical art was degraded in the endeavor to give portraiture to the wildest and the worst of all wicked ways. The Parisian amateurs received the "*Robert*" of Meyerbeer with rapture; it was somewhat more loathsome and infectious than the "*Barber*" and the "*Libertine*"; there was more of noise and uproar, more to astound and distract; and from the "*Robert*" the fall to the poltroon *Faust* and his slave and master *Mephistopheles* was both easy and natural. Here was ample field for vulgarity and falsehood, yelling and screeching; and melody, not liking her company, took to her wings and flew into the wilderness. Of course this debased discordance could but last its day; and, being nearly at the end of its course, we find there is a rider tacked on to it in the shape of a new ballet. We are to have a new grand waltz for everybody to dance, an

evocation of *Mephistopheles*, a *pas d'ensemble* of Trojans with Mme. Helen as chief; a *pas* of Nabians, all glistening like patent boots, with Cleopatra as leader; a solo from Helen, another from Cleopatra, and then a phase of classic Greece in the fire of a Bacchanal gallop spiced with the appearance of Phryne, amid which is to come in the virginal peace of *Margaret*. The novelty is in truth no novelty, being but a refined and thoughtful variation of the *chaine diabolique* and the *caneau d'enfer*. We cannot commend Gounod for putting on the armor of Offenbach, and so long as there is so much untouched and unapproachable in the dramatic life of the pure Italian opera, we hold this imitation of a low and vicious school to be indefensible. The experiment will probably succeed with the public—a spiritual phase of the *caneau d'enfer* and the *chaine diabolique* is both promising and ingenious, and no doubt the composer has made its development both perspicuous and enticing. But it must be of the school Satanic—that which Rossini held in hatred and contempt, and has endeavored to provide against.

Rossini had a great horror of the sea; he was once a martyr to that horrid affair—the *mal du mer*, and nothing could ever tempt him to risk a relapse. It's a pity—he ought to have come to London; and if any credit is to be placed on our daily and periodical criticisms, the English metropolis is the very land of melody. We read of nothing but "charming melodies," "great hits," never-failing "re-demands," "fusions applause," and "tremendously successful" songs. But it may be urged, that although Rossini would not come to England, music so delicious and universally attractive might pass over to Paris, and in this way have led to the conversion of the octogenarian infidel. Unfortunately travel is death to this charming musical cockneyism, the sea air destroys all its interest and popularity, and what is beautiful in London is detestable in Paris. The French critics are as hard upon our music as Rossini was upon theirs, and the French public will not listen to half a dozen bars of it. This again is most ungrateful, for when the French ugly music, as Rossini imagined it to be, comes into London, our trade critics fall into convulsions of panegyric over it. Their "affections are irresistibly drawn to its virgin freshness," "its sweet ingenuousness," "so beautiful," "so naïve," "embracing the loftiest thought with the utmost beauty of combination in harmony," &c., &c. A Parisian composer sends forth a little memento for the Christmas season, every idea in which he had worked up in previous works; and if it possess the slightest merit, owes that merit to its similitude to the music of Rossini. It falls flat in Paris, but the sea air does wonders to French music, although it destroys ours. We read that this very common place stuff, when transported to London, becomes a melody of surprising breadth and beauty, and no one can sing it without being moved to the inmost soul; it is "a lovely little gem," "breathing profound love and devotion in every line," "a burst of angelic song," "an almost heavenly radiance," unsurpassed for loftiness of aspiration or grandeur of treatment. The composer is styled "an earnest Christian." The publisher is no less so; and the puffer who "loves that mirth which does not overstep the bounds of reverence" is clearly of the same kidney. We must confess to being of the infidels with Rossini, and see no immediate prospect of either this Frenchman or "any other man" carrying off the Rossinian prize. The shop beautiful, the puff beautiful, may do well enough for those who like such stuff; it is good enough for those who buy it and belaud it, but it will not convince any mortal soul that Rossini could not see or has made any error in judgment. We are sadly in want of "a melodist."—*Orchestra*.

Verdi and Rossini.

The following letter has appeared in the Italian journals:

"MY DEAR RICORDI,—To honor the memory of Rossini I should like that the most distinguished Italian *maestri* (headed by Mercadante, were it only for a few bars) should compose a *Requiem Mass* to be performed on the anniversary of his death. I should like, that not only the composers, but also the performers, besides lending their assistance, should contribute towards the necessary expenses. I should like that no foreign hand, nor one strange to art, however powerful, should lend us help, as in such a case I would withdraw at once from the association. The mass should be performed in the Cathedral of St. Petronio, in the city of Bologna, which is the true musical birthplace of Rossini. This mass ought not to be an object of either curiosity or speculation; but, as soon as performed, it ought to be sealed and put into the archives of the Musical Lyceum of that city never to be taken away. Exception might, perhaps,

be made for his anniversaries, if future generations elect to celebrate them. If I stood in the Holy Father's good graces, I should beg of him to allow, for this time at least, that women might take part in the performance of this music; but, this not being the case, a more acceptable person must be found to obtain the object. It will be well to institute a committee of intelligent men to arrange the performance, and above all, to select the composers, distribute the pieces, and superintend the general form of the work. This composition (good as the single pieces may prove) will be wanting in the necessary musical uniformity; but, if defective on this point, it will serve notwithstanding to show how great, with all of us, is the veneration for that man whose loss the whole world deploras.

Believe me, yours, affectionately,
"G. VERDI."

Signor Verdi and His Monumental Mass.

In the first flush of regret for Rossini's loss, it was perfectly natural that action should be taken somewhat impulsively. While the great man lived he was regarded with only moderate curiosity and interest. The world had been long accustomed to his presence, and familiarity in his case, as in all others, had the effect of lessening appreciation. But, Rossini taken away, there came a swift revulsion. In place of two musical giants, looking out over the common level like the monster figures which guard the tomb of the Egyptian king, the world saw but one, and the huge gap revealed what a loss had been sustained. Of course there followed an eager desire to do something by way of commemorating the departed. Italy began collecting money for twenty statues, and sent deputations to Paris begging the body for a sumptuous tomb. France sang the *Stabat Mater* and *Guillaume Tell* indiscriminately and surrounded the master's bust with nine ballet girls attired as Muses. Germany, so far as we know, did nothing, owing, perhaps, to a sense of loss not having had time for evolution out of its moral consciousness. England, on the other hand, played the "Dead March" in Exeter Hall, sang "Non più mesta" at the Crystal Palace, and exhibited some specimens of the composer's handwriting. All this was very well—though it might have been better—and very characteristic of the respective doers. But the Italian composers, the successors of Rossini's working years, should make a special effort of their own. So thought Signor Verdi, and he was right, for more reasons than one. In Rossini, the present makers of Italian opera found a mine of wealth which, though assiduously worked, is very far from being exhausted. Moreover, Rossini reflected, and, though dead, still reflects, a lustre upon Italian composers, by no means rendered superfluous by their own essential brightness. Naturally, therefore, those who have enjoyed special benefits desire to make special acknowledgments. The feeling is creditable. But, now, as to the means of expression devised by the Busetese minstrel. What they are is set forth in the letter which appears elsewhere. Signor Verdi would have a mass written which shall go down to posterity as the embodied grief of himself and his fellows. So anxious is he for its preservation, that he suggests a careful custody under lock and key, in a certain designated place. Signor Verdi's anxiety is uncalculated, because the work in question, if ever produced, will be a precious curiosity, worthy of safe keeping on its own account. His Rossini Mass will present the world with the most remarkable piece of musical dove-tailing on record. We have heard of joint works in literature and painting, but never of one in music where the *collaborateurs* are the composers of a nation. Imagine Mercadante leading off the "Kyrie" with "only a few bars;" then Verdi picking up the theme and—as he is a vigorous man—working on to the end of the "Gloria." Next imagine—but we look beyond Verdi and all is at first sight a blank. We have talked about "the composers of a nation," they seem to be only two, unless we include the very small people whose unfamiliar names are now and then met with in connection with bubble operas, which come to the surface, burst, and are no more seen.

Is Signor Verdi a wag, and his letter a joke? If so, there is excellent, though untimely, fun in the proposal to consecrate to Rossini's memory and keep with reverent care, a work principally done by nobodies, which, when performed, would only serve to measure the greatness of Rossini by the littleness of his successors.

On the other hand, if Signor Verdi be not a wag, and his letter not a joke, we can only suppose that he wrote upon impulse which gave no chance of reflection. Such a monument to Rossini, as that he proposes—one necessarily inartistic in the most es-

sential respects—would do the dead composer no honor, and might well disturb his Elysian rest. Let us hope the world has heard the first and last of it.—*London Mus. World*.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The *Times* (Nov. 28), after praising Mlle. Ilma de Murska's *Dinorah*, as well as Santley's Hoel and Bettini's Corentin in the same opera, adds:

No "short winter season" ever undertaken by Mr. Mapleson has been conducted with more energy than this. Besides the operas already noticed, we have had the *Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Norma*, the *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *Il Flauto Magico*—all familiar features in his now extensive and well varied repertory. In *Faust*, as Margherita, and in *Don Giovanni*, as Zerlina, the young American singer, Miss Minnie Hauck, has made good her position and fully maintained the promise of her *début*; Mlle. Tietjens has, as usual, been "Protean," excelling alike in German, French, and Italian opera; the well-remembered Herr Formes was right welcome as Leporello, a character in which, as our musical readers will not have forgotten, he used to be peerless; Mr. Santley has been of infinite service in almost every opera produced; Mlle. Sinico has continued to exhibit the versatility of talent for which she has long been famous; and Mlle. de Murska, by her wonderful execution of the exceptionally difficult songs of the "Queen of Night," in *Il Flauto Magico*, has renewed the old enthusiasm. Signor Mongini, after singing better than he ever previously sang in England, improvement in style being accompanied by voice rather strengthened than impaired, has left to fulfil some Continental engagements; and Mme. Trebelli Bettini, whose singing stood in no need of improvement, has also quitted London for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the winter.

Il Flauto was repeated on Monday night; *Le Nozze di Figaro* was played for the first time on Tuesday; *Il Flauto* was again produced on Wednesday afternoon; and on Thursday night we had *Dinorah*.

To-night *Il Flauto*; and on Monday (last night of the season) a miscellaneous entertainment.

Apropos of Miss Hauck, whose first appearance at Covent Garden, it appears, was at some disadvantage, owing to the high pitch of the orchestra, the great English tenor addressed the following letter to the *Athenæum*:

"I read with great interest your comment upon Miss M. Hauck's *Amina* at Covent Garden, that 'it is high time the pitch of our orchestras should be adapted to the normal diapason' used in France and Germany. Your complaint is one which I have strenuously and repeatedly, although in vain, up to the present, insisted upon, and I can only trust, now that so influential a paper in musical circles as yours has taken up the subject, that your complaint will meet with greater attention than my individual reiteration of it.

"Not only foreigners accustomed to foreign orchestras will be indebted to you for thus protesting against, as you most truly remark, 'the human voice, the most delicate of all instruments, being sacrificed to the false brilliancy attained by perpetually forcing up the pitch'—but also English artists generally. And, as you truly remark, the pitch in this country is a half tone higher than that of most foreign orchestras, and a whole note higher than it was in the time of Gluck."

"So strong is my conviction upon this subject, that some time back I intimated to the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society my final decision, notwithstanding grave reasons for my coming to a contrary determination, not to sing for that Society so long as the pitch of the orchestra was maintained at its present height, and until it was, as you suggest, 'assimilated to the normal diapason of France.'"

J. SIMS REEVES.

CONCERTS.—The *Orchestra*, Dec. 5, furnishes the following reports:

The last Crystal Palace concert embraced the following programme:—

The Trumpet Overture, in C.....	Mendelssohn.
Oratorio, "The Mount of Olives".....	Beethoven.
Variations on "God Preserve the Emperor;" from the String Quartet in C.....	Haydn.
Song with Chorus, "Nazareth".....	Gounod.
Sacred Song, "The Legend of the Crossbill".....	Lemmens.
Air, "Be thou Faithful unto Death," (St. Paul).....	Mendelssohn.
Triumphal March (Naman).....	Costa.

Though containing no absolute novelty, yet in the "Mount of Olives" the concert at least possessed a legitimate source of attraction; an attraction which is also rare. Produced in this country first in 1814, and heard from time to time both in town and throughout the provinces, it has been neglected of late for a sufficient length of time to give it all the freshness of novelty. Dramatic in a high and intense degree—too dramatic to suit Beethoven's liking, as it subsequently turned out—it is saved from the profanation of the secular side of art by the intuitive delicacy of Beethoven's mind: nevertheless he himself confessed he would have written it in a different form if he had had the task reset him. The words originally put into the mouth of the Savior are now by common consent apportioned to St. John in the third person. Of the solo singing on Saturday very favorable mention may be made. The solos were given by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas; and the masterly recitatives were felicitously rendered. With a better choir the admirable choruses would have stood a better chance; as it was we were pleased to note some improvement; but there is room for much more. Gounod's "Nazareth," sung by Mr. Thomas, and the "Legend of the Crossbill," given with advantage by Mme. Sherrington, were among the best rendered numbers of Saturday.

The last Monday Popular Concert was signalized by the following programme:—

Ottet, in F, Op. 116.....Schubert.
Song "Dalla sua pace".....Mozart.
Sonata, in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte.....Weber.
Andante and Rondo, violoncello.....Molique.
Songs. { "Through the night my songs adjure thee.....Schubert.
 { "Devotion".....Schumann.
Quartet, in C major, Op. 54, No. 1.....Haydn.

Schubert's Ottet has been given before in St. James's Hall, and created as good an impression as heretofore. The quintet of performers was made up by Herr Straus, who reappeared in the part of first violin and was warmly welcomed. Herr Pauer gave a spirited rendering of Weber's difficult sonata in A flat, and Signor Piatti did equally well in the number from Molique's concerto arranged with orchestral accompaniments. Mr. Vernon Rieby was the vocalist.

From the same, Dec. 12.

The Crystal Palace followed on Saturday the example of other musical bodies in devoting a performance to the memory of Rossini. The programme—which was headed with an explanation on the part of Mr. Manns, that the want of completeness in the selection as a representation of the genius of the immortal composer was on account of the engagements previously made with artists for Saturday's concert and the reconstruction of the choir—was executed as follows:—

Overture, "Tancredi".....	Rossini.....
Quartet, "Sancta Mater" ("Stabat Mater").....	"
Air, "Cujus Animam" ("Stabat Mater").....	"
Overture, "La Gazza Ladra".....	"
Romanza, "Assisa al piè d'un salice" ("Otello").....	"
Cavatina, "Non più mesta" ("La Cenerentola").....	"
Overture, "Guglielmo Tell".....	"
Ballet Airs, "Guglielmo Tell".....	"
Overture, "Semiramide".....	"

It contained two numbers in addition, which, however, could not be sung owing to the illness of Mr. George Perren and Herr Wallenreiter. Mr. Perren, nevertheless, though suffering from the effects of the weather, did essay "Cujus Animam." It will be noticed that the disposition of the pieces in the programme, though losing the effect of chronological sequence, was well calculated to afford variety and contrast. Mile. Scacchi obtained a well-merited encore in the "Non piu mesta" cavatina, in which her beautiful voice had the happiest effect in executing the florid passages. Mile. Baumeister sang the Willow song from "*Otello*" with much refinement; and the quartet from the "*Stabat*" received full justice from all the singers. The four overtures and the ballet music from "*William Tell*" received every attention from Mr. Manns's experienced band.

The following was the selection given at the last Monday Popular Concert.

Septet in E flat, Op. 20.....	Beethoven.
Song, "Amor nel mio pensar" ("Flavio").....	Handel.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, pianoforte.....	Beethoven.
Sonata, in D major, for Violin.....	Corelli.
Songs, "Du bist die Ruh," "Norman's Gesang," Schubert.	
Quartet, in G minor.....	Haydn.

The occasion was the hundredth birthday, and a large audience assembled, attracted probably by Beethoven's splendid septet in E flat, a work which however has been illustrated at these concerts a score of times. Mr. J. F. Barnett made his first appearance as pianist, choosing for performance that sonata of Beethoven's dedicated to Count Waldstein and dating from 1803. The execution of the young composer, easy, brilliant, and full of spirit, was extremely well received. At times his enthusiasm betrayed his

judgment, and the pace became a scamper, but on the whole Mr. Barnett has the best reason to be satisfied with both the performance and its reception. The instrumentalists—Messrs. Straus, H. Blagrove, Piatti, Reynolds, Lazarus, Harper, and Wotton—were in each case in full vigor, whether the E flat septet, Haydn's light-hearted quartet in G minor, or Corelli's archaic sonata was the subject in hand. The last was executed by Herr Straus in admirable fashion and skilfully accompanied by Mr. Benedict. Mme. Sainton-Dolby sang.

With a little more precision on the part of the choruses the performance of Bennett's "*Woman of Samaria*" at the National Choral Society on Wednesday would have been more satisfactory. As regards the principal singing, the efforts of Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Lucy Franklein, Messrs. George Perren and Lewis Thomas deserve favorable mention. Miss Franklein obtained an encore after her singing, "O Lord, Thou hast sought me out." Another *bis* was awarded to the unaccompanied quartet, "God is a spirit." A couple of choruses from "*Acis*" and the "*First Walpurgis Night*," by Mendelssohn, followed the cantata, the vocalists being the same. The hall was full.

From the Musical World, Dec. 12.)

The Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, has given a performance of *Israel in Egypt*, under Mr. Costa's direction, in which, as never fails when Handel's choral masterpiece is concerned, the choruses were magnificently sung throughout. The solo parts—allotted to Mme. Rudersdorf, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mme. Saiton-Dolby, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Santley and Foli—were without exception well sustained. The long declamatory duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war" (Messrs. Santley and Foli), was encored as usual, and repeated; and a similar compliment was bestowed upon Mr. Rigby's zealous and singularly energetic delivery of the great tenor air, "The enemy said." Mr. Rigby however, wisely refrained from submitting to the wishes of the audience—satisfied, doubtless, with the honors he had fairly earned, and anxious not to risk them in a new venture. The only other encore was awarded to the chorus, "He gave them hailstones," the effect of which was overpowering. This concert, like its immediate precursor (when Mr. Costa's *Naaman* was the oratorio), was honored by the presence of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia.

Still more interesting, as may be easily understood, was the most recent concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society—a concert “*in memoriam*,” to the honor of the late Rossini, the greatest of Italian composers: The programme was fully worth the occasion. Handel’s “Dead March” was first played, during which the audience, as well as the members of the chorus, rose and remained standing. This was followed by the late composer’s *Stabat Mater*; and the whole concluded with Mozart’s *Requiem*. In both pieces the leading singers were Mmes. Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Tagliafico. Criticism under such peculiar circumstances would be out of place; but it may readily be imagined that all engaged—solo, singers, chorus, orchestral players, and conductor (Mr. Costa) did their best, and that the performance, on the whole, was one of rare excellence. There was little applause, and on such an occasion it would have been better had there been none—an impression which, it must be admitted, seemed very generally to prevail. Most of the singers were in mourning, or semi-mourning, and a fine bust of the great composer (from M. Dantan, jun.) was a conspicuous object in front of the orchestra, just beneath the platform where the conductor stood. The entire affair was as solemn and impressive as could have been desired by the most ardent worshipper of Rossini’s genius, and the hall was crowded in every part.

DESMOND HENRY RYAN. The Editor of the *Musical World* pays the following tribute to his friend and principal assistant :

It is our painful duty to record the death of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed contributors to this journal. After a long and trying illness, Mr. Desmond Ryan died, in the early morning of the 7th inst., at his residence, 21, Tavistock Road, Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Ryan first wrote for the *Musical World* in 1844. In 1846 he became its sub-editor, and held that post until within a few months of his decease. Those who knew him best are of course best able to estimate his worth; and the writer of these lines has not merely to regret the loss of a zealous and invaluable co-laborer, but of a friend in the truest and dearest acceptation of the word. J.W.D.

Leipzig.

The *Western Musical Review* (Indianapolis) has the following letter, dated Leipzig, Nov. 19, 1968,

which sums up the concert season to that date. (We hear various opinions, however, about the creative talent of Max Bruch):

At the third Gewandhaus Concert, Oct. 22d, the glorious Leonora overture, (No. 3,) by Beethoven, and a new symphony by Max Bruch, (Op. 23,) were the orchestral selections, and both were played with splendid fire and precision. The symphony was performed under the personal direction of its talented composer, who studied under Ferdinand Hiller, and is one of the ablest of the rising German musicians. It is full of earnest thought, and its fine musical ideas, which are well expressed and admirably treated, are presented with solid and brilliant instrumentation. Max Bruch is still a comparatively young man, (born in Cologne, January 6, 1838,) and his great talent and energy promise noble artistic achievements.

The soloists of the occasion were Joseph Joachim and wife. The former played the recitative, andante and allegro movements, from Spohr's sixth violin concerto, and an adagio and fugue in C major, by Bach. In both compositions he played with wonderful tone and sentiment, and called forth hearty applause from the delighted audience. Frau Joachim was equally successful in her interpretation of an aria from *Figaro's Hochzeit*, by Mozart, and two beautiful songs: (a) *Mainacht*, by Brahms, (b) *Die Hölle*, by R. Schumann.

The first Euterpe concert was given October 27th; and the evening's programme opened with a splendid performance of Weber's fiery overture to *Euryanthe*. This was the only satisfactory orchestral performance of the evening, however, for the remaining works—introductions to "*Tristan and Isolde*," and "*Die Meistersänger*," by Wagner, were played in a most tantalizing manner. Fräulein Gerl, from Coburg, sang a difficult aria from "*Roberto*," and an aria from Ambroise Thomas's opera, "*Mignon*," with considerable brilliancy of execution and intelligence. The air from "*Mignon*" is simple circus music.

In broad contrast to the last mentioned aria, stood the violin selections of Louis Strauss, from London, who played the great concerto by Beethoven, and the adagio from Spohr's ninth violin concerto, with a beauty of tone, solidity and smoothness of execution, and musician-like conception and interpretation which could only be excelled by Joachim.

On the 29th inst. the fourth Gewandhaus Concert brought Beethoven's festival overture (Op. 124), and the "Reformation symphony," by Mendelssohn, to performance. Through the acoustical superiority of the Gewandhaus Hall, the latter work gained even more friends than upon the occasion of its first performance in the Leipzig Opera House, last June. The scherzo and finale remain the favorite movements.

Herr Carl Wallenreiter, from Stuttgart, sang an aria from an Easter cantata, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," by Franz Schubert, and songs by Scarlatti, Moscheles and Schumann. His voice is pleasant, but not powerful, and he sings in a very tasteful, appreciative manner. Frl. Joel, from Vienna, played a seldom-heard concerto, in E flat, by Weber, and solo pieces by Moscheles, Chopin and Mendelssohn. She has fine execution and virtuosio talent, and it is to be hoped that her flattering reception in the Gewandhaus will incite her to further artistic exertions.

The fifth Gewandhaus Concert, November 5th, offered a programme in commemoration of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who died in Leipzig, November 4, 1847. The first part of the programme was devoted to compositions by the great master, and included a hymn for soprano solo and chorus; overture to the "Beautiful Melusine," and three numbers from the unfinished "Lorely"; (a) Vintagers' chorus, for male voices, (b) Ave Maria for soprano-solo and female chorus, (c) *Alleluia* for soprano-solo, chorus and grand orchestra.

Frau Peschika Leutner, from the Leipzig Opera House, sang the splendid soprano-solos as only a true artist could, and the chorus and orchestra were so full, and so admirably disciplined, that the performance fairly electrified the audience. The Heroic symphony, by Beethoven, with its sublime funeral march, formed an appropriate conclusion to the delightful concert.

On the following evening, the first soirée of chamber music took place in the Gewandhaus Hall, Concertmaster David, E. Röntgen, F. Hermann and E. Hegar playing the string instruments, and the pianist, Saint Saëns, from Paris, as guest. The evening performance included Schumann's string quartet in A, No. 3, and one by F. Schubert in D minor (posthumous), both of which were splendidly played; a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, (Op. 18), by Saint Saëns, and Mendelssohn's Op. 28, Fantasia, for piano solo. The trio is a genial, interesting and artistically developed composition, which displays each instrument—and especially the pianoforte—to

fine advantage, but, while it is pleasing to an audience, and a grateful task for artists, it is not a composition calculated to create lasting impressions, and the pleasure derived from listening to it is merely transient. Saint Saens' splendid virtuosity found full play in the last movement of the fantasia (as well as in the trio), for although he took it in such rapid tempo that the thematic figure was not clearly and perfectly defined throughout, it was, notwithstanding, a very interesting test of strength, velocity and flexibility of finger.

At the second Euterpe Concert, November 10th, a very good performance of Beethoven's beautiful F-major symphony opened the programme. A young conservatorist, George Hentschel, from Breslau, sang an aria from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and two beautiful songs, "Frühlingsglaube," by Schubert, and "Im Frühling," by Fesca, in fine style. He is the fortunate possessor of an excellent baritone voice of fine quality, power and compass, and if his decided talent is accompanied by equal energy and perseverance, he will make a fine artist. The great feature of the evening, however, was the pianoforte playing of Fräulein Anna Mehlig, who played Schumann's A-minor concerto, for piano and orchestra, and three transcriptions, by Franz Liszt; (a) G-minor prelude and fugue, from Bach (manuscript) (b) *Soirées de Vienna* (A minor), from F. Schubert, (c) *La Campanella*, from Paganini. Fräulein Mehlig was born in Stuttgart, in 1848, and received her musical education and instruction under the especial care of Professor Pruckner, of the Stuttgart Conservatorium. She made her first concert tour in 1865, visiting Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, etc., and at the early age of seventeen created a rare furor by her superb pianism. Since then she has been almost constantly engaged in artistic tours, and her popularity among critics and public seems constantly increasing. Her tone is pure and musical, her touch combines feminine delicacy and fairly masculine energy, and her strength and flexibility of wrist and finger are surprising. In the beautiful concerto and the difficult solo pieces, she displayed fine artistic conception and intelligence, and she received hearty and merited applause after each appearance.

The concert closed with a very good performance of a difficult and ambitious overture for grand orchestra, by Carl Goldmark. The brilliant instrumentation that alternated between the grand and the bombastic, was the best feature of the work, which is written in a highly tragic mood, and displays too earnest study of the compositions of Wagner.

The sixth Gewandhaus Concert, November 12th, offered the fine Suite in canon-form for string orchestra, by J. Grimm, and Schumann's grand C-major symphony. Herr G. Besekirsky, from Moscow, played a difficult concerto by Paganini, and an original polonaise for violin and orchestra. His tone is pure, and he plays with brilliant execution, and although he is not an artist of the very highest rank, his playing is refined and tasteful, and he is always a welcome guest. Fr. Förster, from Munich, sang an aria from Haydn's "Creation," and one from Spontini's *Vestalin*, in pleasing style.

Carl Tausig gave a pianoforte recital in the Gewandhaus, on the evening of the 14th inst., with the following programme: (1) Sonata, Op. 101, Beethoven; (2) Prelude, fugue and allegro, in E flat, J. S. Bach; Toccatte, Op. 7, Schumann; (3) *David's bündertanze*, sixteen characteristic pieces, Op. 6, Schumann; (4) Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2; Etude, Op. 25, No. 6, and Scherzo, Op. 31, Chopin; (5) *Rhapsodie Espagnole*, *Folies d'Espagne*, *Jota Aragonesa*, F. Liszt.

The long and difficult programme was played from memory, with unfailing inspiration, and all of the wonderful virtuosity for which Tausig is so famous, and instead of being wearied by such a series of pianoforte solos, the audience endeavored—though in vain—by repeated encores, to gain additional numbers.

The last musical event up to the time of writing, was the second soirée of chamber music, which was given on the 17th inst., before a crowded auditorium. Haydn's D major quartet, (played by Röntgen, Haubold, Hermann and Hegar;) Sonate for flute (with piano accompaniment,) Duo for violin and viola, Op. 25, No. 1, (Röntgen and Concertmaster David,) and Quintet in C major, by Beethoven, (David playing first viola,) constituted the programme, which was admirably performed throughout. Herr Röntgen sustained the first violin parts this evening, with greater security of intonation than the usual leader, David; but while his phrasing and conception were likewise thoroughly excellent, we missed the breadth and nobleness of David's tone, and we trust the change is but a temporary one.

A. R. P.

At the third concert of the Euterpe Society, the orchestra performed the overture to *Guillaume Tell*,

Rossini, and "Les Preludes," Liszt. Herr Heckmann displayed his talent as an executant to advantage in Bruch's Violin Concerto, as well as in Bach's Prelude and Fugue, G minor. Mlle. Scherbel, from Breslau, sang the cavatina, "Glöcklein im Thale" from Weber's *Euryanthe*, and three songs, by Taubert, Mendelssohn, and Henschel.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has proved highly successful, and become a regular stock piece.—Dr. Franz Brendel died here on the 25th ult., aged fifty-seven. He held the post of Professor of Musical History in the Conservatory. He was known chiefly as author of his *Geschichte der Musik und Musik des Gegenwart*, and as editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, founded by Robert Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 2, 1869.

Harvard Musical Association.

The fourth Symphony Concert came on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 24, which was Christmas Eve. Accordingly the programme, of which the idea had been simply to present a historical succession of four great masters of orchestral composition, was by an after-thought further enriched by the insertion of a couple of Arias from Bach immediately before the closing fairy Overture, whereby the tone of the concert modulated into the religious feelings and associations and the golden childlike fancies of the holy, happy season.

Symphony, in B flat [No. 8, Ed. of Breitkopf and Härtel]. Haydn.
Adagio, Allegro—Adagio Cantabile.—Minuet.—Presto.
Concerto, in E flat, for two Pianos.—Mozart.
Cadenzas by Moscheles.
B. J. Lang and J. C. D. Parker.

Second Symphony, in D.—Beethoven.
Adagio, Allegro con brio.—Larghetto.—Scherzo.—Finale.
a. Cradle Song, from the Christmas Oratorio.—Bach.
"Slumber, my darling, Oh sweet be thy rest!
Darkness shall flee from us all with Thy waking!"
b. Alt. "Mein gläubiges Herze, frohlocke, sing, schreie."
&c.—Bach.
"My heart ever faithful,
Sing praises, be joyful."
Mrs. C. A. Barry.

Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn.

The Haydn Symphony—not the more familiar one in the same key which was played in the first season of these concerts, but another which we think never was played before in Boston—proved one of the most enjoyable of them. Indeed it is one of the very best he wrote, both in felicity of ideas and exquisite employment of all the individualities and combinations of the orchestra in their development and treatment. In some respects it seems even to go beyond Haydn, here and there suggesting Beethoven. The modern stamp of some of its phrases; the boldness of the surprises; the sudden and yet happy changes of key; and the (more than usual with him) reflective, closely inwrought texture, especially of the first movement and the latter portion of the Adagio, yet without any forfeiture of the cheerful Haydn naïveté, bring him as it were farther down into our more thoughtful and self-conscious age. From beginning to end, it is delightful music, and in it Father Haydn fairly escapes the charge of sameness, which is the only plea that can be raised against hearing him continually. Anything more fresh and natural, and yet more subtly interwoven than the first Allegro (whose leading motive has first been presented in the minor in notes of double length, for a few bars, by way of solemn introduction) we may hardly find. The Adagio opens in a deep, tranquil church-like manner, a prayerful melody, soon interrupted by a stormy fortissimo of great majesty and breadth, which subsiding, the melody re-

turns, in the same key, just as before, only with an organ-like figurative bass descending by deliberate diatonic steps. A second variation, the bass this time in quicker steps ascending, followed by a brief *resumé* of the whole (a couple of bars of *stretto* gathering up all the characteristic phrases in a breath,—two more bars reproducing the fortissimo, two more the original theme) brings the lovely strain to a close.—The Minuet and Trio are of the happiest, and we are glad to see Mr. ZERRAHN preserving the native moderate tempo of those movements with due fondness. The Presto Finale is all play, of the most life-some, graceful, fascinating character. A plenty of Christmas frolic there! Only the playfellows are all fairy rogues and full of genius. How charmingly the various instruments ran out and in, each in its turn now shining in full light, now slipping into the shade! How magical the changed key and color of the scene after two or three full pauses! And how admirably it was all played, with fine outline and precision! The strings showed the benefit of special drill, and it was good to have the Quintet Club back raising their number to the full complement again.

The Mozart Concerto could hardly be called a representative work in the full sense that the other three selections were; but it has the characteristic charm of his instrumentation; that warm and tender coloring, that balmy summer atmosphere which all his orchestral creations breathe; while the principal part, so evenly divided between the two pianos, is full of fluent grace and beauty. The ideas are not great, to be sure; they only show the invariably musical and graceful every day life and habit of a man all music, and a consummate master of his art. The first movement is decidedly interesting; the last two sound tame and old-fashioned; yet it was well to hear the whole. Messrs. LANG and PARKER (they played it for the first time last year) were altogether happy in the rendering of it; all was neat, clear, fluent, even, and the phrases were answered from one piano to the other with excellent precision. It was an artistic performance; and, simple as the music seems, it requires artists to do it justice. The first cadenza by Moscheles is difficult and interesting, save that it is too long. The piece was evidently much enjoyed.

The old familiar second Symphony of Beethoven, which because of its familiarity had not entered into these programmes before, is the one in which Beethoven is the most immediately related to Mozart and Haydn. (By the way, we have forgotten to remark, that in historical sequence really that Mozart Concerto is an older work and of an earlier style than the Symphony of Haydn, who outlived Mozart and whose twelve "Saloman Symphonies," of which this is one, were written in his later days. Historically, in this case, the order should have been: Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn; but the æsthetic balance of a programme required it otherwise). While the Symphony in D shows the influence of Mozart and Haydn, it is yet full of a vigorous new element, which is the individuality, the genius of Beethoven and no other. Here are grander thoughts and loftier aspiration, nobler depth and earnestness of motive; a Promethean fire thrills along every nerve and fibre of it;—and yet it does not count among the greatest of Beethoven's Symphonies; it was a wonderfully long

stride, as to originality and sustained power, from this to the *Eroica* we heard the other day! One gift however, in which Beethoven is unsurpassable, is obvious even here: the sure instinct by which he combines his instruments so as to bring out their best collective sound, the freest, fullest, richest sonority, a sound that is always all alive, awakening to sense and soul. This time the work was admirably played, and all seemed to listen with intent satisfaction to the broad, majestic introduction, and the impetuous Allegro with its buoyant, Spring-like episodic theme; to the long, yet ever beautiful Larghetto, full of consecration, as before a wedding feast; to the pastoral frolic of the Scherzo and Trio, and to the fiery, swift Finale.

The "Cradle Song" from Bach's Christmas Oratorio (*Weihnachts-Cantata*) had only been sung here in small chamber concerts before, to piano accompaniment arranged by Robert Franz, never as now with Bach's own instrumentation: that is, the string quartet of the orchestra, the flute, and the pairs of old instruments now gone out of use (*oboi d' amore*, and *oboi di caccia*) represented by clarinets and bassoon. It is a lovely pastoral sort of strain, the melody so innocent and childlike, and fresh as if composed to-day. Mrs. BARRY sang it with true simplicity and feeling; only the prolonged note (middle G) with which the voice begins did not stand out audibly enough against the instruments. It quite won the hearts of most listeners and, with the rejoicing Air which was equally successful, though it had to be sung in too low a key for its full brightness, and with omission of the violin *obbligato*, (Mr. PARKER furnishing the solo accompaniment on the piano), and the Fairy Overture for a conclusion, answering for a midwinter Christmas dream as well as for a Midsummer Night's—and played with finer delicacy (at least in the string parts) than ever before by a Boston orchestra, it was accepted (by those who could remain so long) as a fit prelude to their Christmas Eve.

The concert exceeded the orthodox length by nearly half an hour; yet we have heard no complaint; many had to go away, as some were kept away, with home festivities preparing; yet those who left the Hall during the music did so reluctantly, lingeringly, in a way that does not so much disturb others. There could be no more gratifying evidence that that large audience loves good music.

The Christmas Oratorios.

The annual performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society crowded the Music Hall, as usual, to its utmost capacity. There is no wear-out to the popular interest in this great religious work. On the other hand, the chorus seats were not as full as usual, and the orchestra (owing to theatre engagements on a Saturday evening) was somewhat shrunken from its fair proportions, and in the case of certain instruments, as the bassoons, the usual best players were replaced by others. The accompaniments, as has been too often the case of late, were careless here and there, or over-loud and coarse,—sometimes out of tune; but this may be in large part due to the high pitch of the organ,—a kind of mountain air which our flutes, oboes, &c., have not been accustomed to breathe. Most of the choruses went well; the great ones, like the "Hallelujah," the "Wonderful," &c., superbly, although we felt sometimes the want of volume. There are a few tangled and catchy ones, though fortunately brief, like "Let all the angels," "Let us break their bonds asunder," and the

"Amen," in which many of the voices never do assert themselves with sure and positive precision. The singers learn best, and put their minds more into music which is newer to them and in which they do not run in grooves of life-long habit; the way they learned *Elijah*, and still more *St. Paul*, is proof of this. We were glad to have the beautiful chorus, "And with his stripes" restored. On the other hand there were important omissions in the last part, necessitated by the great length of the Oratorio,—for Mr. ZERRAHN, wisely, took some movements in a more moderate tempo than hitherto.

The solo parts were, on the whole, uncommonly satisfactory. At least all was done in the right spirit and with taste and understanding. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS in the contralto airs surpassed herself. Her tones were never richer, sweeter, or more charged with real soul and feeling. There was no false pathos, no overdone expression, but all was simple, chaste and noble; the delivery of the voice, the phrasing, the light and shade, the whole execution, attesting the sincere, ripe artist. Very interesting too, and equally sincere and genuine and sympathetic, were the soprano voice and singing of Miss ANNA S. WHITTEN. It was her first appearance in oratorio, and not without some slight faltering of timidity in the beginning; but as she went on she won upon her audience, and we must say the beauty and spirituality of the music suffered little in her rendering, which confirmed the promise of her first public effort in a Symphony Concert.

Mr. JAMES WHITNEY's voice betrayed itself into too much tremolo in the opening tenor solo: "Comfort ye," and elsewhere lacked the weight that is desirable. But his tones are sweet and sympathetic, and there is feeling and refinement always in his singing. The most pathetic portion: "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see," were his most successful, and indeed really effective efforts. Mr. JOHN F. WINCH, with a rich and musical bass voice, intelligent delivery, and remarkably even fluency in the recited passages, filled his part very acceptably.

Sunday evening brought a smaller crowd of hearers, but crowded chorus seats, and orchestra raised to the full complement of the Symphony Concerts, to one of the grandest performances we have yet had of the *Elijah*. Nearly all the choruses, double quartets, &c., went remarkably well, and there was great improvement in the instrumental setting of the vocal gems. Miss PHILLIPS again lent her noble voice and talent in the contralto airs, and rarely have we heard "O rest in the Lord" sung with more heartfelt beauty, or the dramatic part of the Queen, with chorus, made so effective.

The principal soprano parts were taken by Miss HOUSTON, and the occasion derived special interest from the knowledge that it was to be her last public effort as a singer before retiring into private life. The beauty, brilliancy and fervor with which she sang enhanced the feeling of the loss she will be. In "Hear ye, Israel," in the august "Holy, holy," in the "Angel Trio," &c., her tones soared silver-clear and penetrating, and seldom has she shown so bold a certainty of outline through a whole performance. She sang as if she loved it, and fain would not leave it.

The smaller soprano parts—the Boy looking out for rain, and in the concerted pieces—were taken by Mrs. D. C. HALL, who proved herself the possessor of so beautiful and true a voice, so telling, and who delivered it so well, that one wondered why she never has been called upon before in this way. The "Angel Trio" was admirably sung by the three ladies, and of course encoored. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN came back to his old part of the Prophet, which he always made effective, and this time more so than ever. He was in capital voice, has the art of giving out his tones with a frank, easy, full vibration, and renders the music in a tasteful, carefully considered manner. A few traits of foreign pronunciation are still perceptible. Mr. WHITNEY in "If with all your hearts," but more particularly in "Then shall the righteous shine," reached, it seemed to us, his

best mark thus far; the last air he sang with some commanding power in addition to his usual good qualities.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.—On Saturday, Dec. 19, the Hess children gave a *matinée* at Steinway Hall and were assisted by F. Bergner (cello) Mme. Gazzaniga and Julius Hess (violin). The programme was a short one and included the 1st movement from one of Mozart's string quartets. In it these talented children appeared to better advantage than in any other selection. Miss Joanna—in particular—was very accurate as regards time, and she also exhibited some taste and an attempt at shading. I must repeat my opinion that it is unwise to bring *prodigies* before the public: such a course—in most cases—does incalculable injury to the advancement of the innocent victims, while the performance itself is productive of but little pleasure to the public.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Kempton had a "Testimonial Concert" in Irving Hall: she was assisted by an attractive array of artists together with Theo. Thomas' orchestra: these were the orchestral selections:—

Overture, "Stradella".....Flotow.
"Trümmern".....Schumann.
Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach.

The audience was a very large one, and there were several very beautiful floral testimonials presented (by personal friends) to the lady for whose benefit the entertainment was given, and also to Mrs. Mixsell and Mlle. Ronconi. Would it not be better for the anxious donors to send their offerings to the residences of the recipients, rather than to parade them before a not particularly interested audience? Also, would it not be decorous for people to be tolerably quiet where such a piece as the "Trümmern" is being performed? Portions of it were entirely inaudible, owing to the confusion of tongues everywhere prevailing; I know of no reason why ordinary good breeding should be ignored in a concert-room.

At the 4th Sunday Evening Concert we had the following (orchestral) programme:—

Poème Symphonique, "Les Preludes".....Liszt.
Fantasia, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Mignon".....Ambrose Thomas.
"Trümmern".....Schumann.
Marche Triumphale ("Schiller").....Meyerbeer.

The soloists were Mlle. Ronconi, Mme. Gazzaniga, and Mr. Von Inten (pianist); the latter played Schumann's "*Faschingschwank in Wien*," which was performed by Mr. Mason last season: Mme. Gazzaniga sings marvellously well, and although her voice is nearly gone, her manner of using it is most artistic and therefore enjoyable.

The "Messiah" was given on Christmas evening, at Steinway Hall, by the N. Y. Harmonic Society. The soloists were Miss Houston (Boston), Miss Adelaide Phillips (ditto), Mr. Simpson and Mr. Beckett, and the performance was conducted by Mr. Ritter. Having been prevented—by severe illness—from attending, I can only say on the authority of a musical friend, that the oratorio was never before given (in this city) with such uniform excellence. I am also given to understand that Miss Houston and Mr. Beckett made a most favorable impression, while Miss Phillips and Mr. Simpson—old favorites—fully sustained their well-earned reputation.

The "Messiah" was also undertaken on Saturday evening by the Brooklyn Choral Union, with Mollenhauer's orchestra, under the direction of H. B. Dodworth.

Mr. Thomas' 5th Sunday Concert had the subjoined (orchestral) programme:

Overture, "Athalie".....Mendelssohn.
Abendlied.....Schumann.
Allegretto.....Mozart.
"Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Grande Fantasia, "Mazurka".....Auber.
Overture "Freischütz".....Weber.
Reverie.....Vieuxtemps.
Visions in a Dream.....Lumbye.
Fackeltanz, No. 3, C-minor.....Meyerbeer.

In lieu of vocal and instrumental solos there were two recitations by Miss Theresa Sherk (her first appearance in this city.) F.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 22.—The second concert of the Cecilia Society, given last night, had for its principal feature "The Crusaders," a rather recent choral work by Gade, rendered here for the first time. It is a work of similar dimensions and of a similar character with "Comala" and the "Erlking's Daughter" by the same composer; but as a whole I deem it preferable at least to the latter composition. Its weakest part is the second scene, which seems too much spun out on some rather trivial melodies, and embraces a good many monotonous passages; but the greater part of the first and last scenes is very felicitous. It ends in a happy vein with the Crusaders' exultations upon reaching Jerusalem. But the finest number of all I take to be the last in the first scene, a prayer by the Hermit with Chorus. In it there occur a few dramatic passages of a truly grand expression, which seems to me more striking than anything else, of that character, written by the genial Danish composer.

Of the execution, the *Daily Gazette* of this city reports as follows:

"The voices are all pure, fresh and strong, and have evidently received careful individual culture. The members have, under the direction of Mr. Schneider, learned one thing of great importance, and that is, the habit of listening to the piano, which with them acts as conductor. The result was that the attack was always prompt, and the time exact. In forte passages they were ever excellent, yet they presented a most beautiful *diminuendo* and *pianissimo*, thereby proving that they could do what so few chorus societies ever undertake, sing piano."

"It is comparatively an easy matter for a conductor to have his forces sing at the top of their voices, thereby producing a great deal of noise, but to have them so under his command that they can produce the most delicate *pianissimo* without losing their quality of tone, is one of the strongest proofs of good training."

In the second part of the concert the Chorus gave us two French People's Songs from the 17th Century, which are really charming, and were greatly enjoyed by the audience. When these songs were first performed at a Leipzig "Gewandhaus" concert, a year or two ago, they created quite a sensation there.—Here is the entire programme:

"The Crusaders," a dramatic poem by Carl Andersen, after Tasso's "Jerusalem liberated," for Chorus and Solo, in three Scenes.....Gade.

"Fantaisie pour Piano a deux mains," Opus 108, in F minor.....Fr. Schubert.

Miss L. Luckhardt and Mr. Geo. Schneider.

Two French People's Songs, "Brunettes," from the 17th Century, for Chorus.....Ferd. Hiller.

"Spring Song," for 2 Sopranos and Alto.....Ferd. Hiller.

Solo for Piano, "La Gazette".....Kullack.

Miss L. Luckhardt.

"Gypsies' Life," a poem by Geibel, for Solo and Chorus.....Schumann.

The "Maennerchor" Society, with Mr. Andres as leader, have given a second public concert, the programme embracing Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and two parts of Haydn's "Seasons." I was not present, but I hear the concert highly praised. From the public at large these concerts deserve a great deal more attention than they have yet received. Mr. Andres, upon a few occasions, has proved to be a very talented leader of the Orchestra, and it is only to be desired that he would appear before the public with less affected manners, as these create an impression against him. He has drilled the Orchestra much more thoroughly than Mr. Barus, who, recently, is altogether too much given to getting up very incorrect performances after one or two rehearsals, and in that way is really doing harm to the cause of good music.

Mr. Barus by this means, essentially, has also killed, much to our regret, the Orchestral Concerts in the afternoon, which we have had for a season or two. These concerts commenced well enough, but, with injudicious blowing in the public prints, and praise from persons who know little about music, leader and orchestra probably became too much elated and turned careless. The fact is, home performances, in the end, must always depend upon real merit. Hot pressure in such matters is a deadly enemy to a slow, natural growth. X.

PARIS, DEC. 7.—The 8th Concert *Populaire* (the last one of the first series) took place yesterday with the following programme:

Overture d' "Athalie".....Mendelssohn.
Symphonie en fa [No. 8].....Beethoven.
Allegro, Allegretto scherzando, Menuet, Final.
Fragment symphonique.....Frangois Schubert.
Se Concerto pour violon.....Rode.
par M. Heymann, 1er prix du Conservatoire 1868.
Prelude de "Lohengrin".....R. Wagner.
Invitation à la Valse [orchestrée par Borloz].....Weber.

The Symphony was well rendered, and so was the fragment *Symphonique* of Schubert, from which, by the way, Meyerbeer seems to have taken (to use a mild term) the prelude to Act 5th of *L'Africaine*. The Rode Concerto was played by M. Heymann, who is apparently no more than 15 years of age, in a manner which elicited much applause. He has certainly much executive talent and also the sentiment of expression, but nevertheless his playing is that of a pupil rather than of an artist. His tone is very thin, and in the second part it was not always just. The violin used by him, too, was not powerful enough, and the effect of the fine shading in the Concerto was lost. In speaking of Rode's Concertos I am reminded of the fact that I recently heard the one in *la mineur* played by M. Gustave Collongues, a gentleman well known at the Conservatoire both as an artist and as a member of the Société des Concerts. M. Collongues' style reminds me forcibly of that of our Mr. Theo. Thomas, and his pure, broad, well sustained tone, with the absence of all false and meretricious embroidery, bespeak the thoroughly seasoned musician.

This last Popular Concert,—to return to that subject—was remarkable for a very unpleasant *charivari* which occurred in the following manner. After the performance of Wagner's fine prelude to *Lohengrin*, a large portion of the audience was for hearing it again, and M. Pasdeloup accordingly gave the signal to recommence. But no sooner was the first note sounded than there came a storm of hisses and cries of *Non! Non!* from another faction, which, although a minority, made none the less noise on that account. Again the orchestra began and actually played a few measures (in fine style, as I could see from the coincidence of their elbows), but not a note could be heard. During five minutes did this state of affairs continue, and no less than ten times did the conductor essay to repeat the encored piece, but always without success. There remained but one course to pursue, and it was announced that the "Invitation à la Valse" would be played, and that those who desired a repetition of the Wagner prelude might remain after the concert. This was accordingly done, and the "Invitation" played in such quick time that the musical effect was entirely lost. As nearly as I could judge, about three fourths of the audience remained to hear the repetition of the prelude. Turning to see the others as they passed out, I was struck by the haggard and weary appearance which they uniformly bore. Some of them looked quite weak and ill, and each was evidently a prey to some secret grief. Then I understood all: *They were the victims who had heard the fragments from the "Meistersinger" played at former concerts; the result of which had been a breaking down of the constitution, and a complete shattering of the nervous system.* I prophesied that no good would come of that music. Behold the proof.

At the Opera there is little new. Mme. Patti was announced to sing last week in *Il Barbiere*, but being indisposed she was unable to appear, and another lady was appointed to take her place; whereupon the indignant ticket-holders came to the bureau *en masse* and demanded a restitution of their money; all of which was flattering to Patti, but not pleasant for the "other lady." Apropos of Mme. Patti, she will, I am told, depart for St. Petersburg on the 20th inst., and there is some talk of a concert to be given by her previous to that date, the proceeds of which will go (on dit) towards the erection of a monument to Rossini. A. A. C.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Treasures of the Heart. 2. C to f. Cor. 30
Knight, Duke and Monarch sought her favor, but the lady reserved her heart-treasures for a low-born lover.
- It's all very well. 2. C to f. White. 30
This is in answer to "Five o'clock in the morning," and is very genial and witty.
- Ave Maria. 4. Eb to e flat. L. Luzzi. 40
Transposed from a higher key. Rich, good music.
- Oh! Paradise. S'g and Cho. 2. G to e. Perkins. 35
A simple and very sweet sacred song.
- I never can forget thee. 3. C to g. Pratt. 30
Pretty and simple, with varied accompaniment.
- Daughters of Spain. (C'est L'Espanne). S'g & Cho. 3. Db to g flat. "Les Bavards." 35
Search everywhere. (Partout on chercheroit).
- Duet and Cho. 2. A to f. "Les Bavards." 30
"Les Bavards" is a lively, chatty operetta by Offenbach, and is very pleasing. The first song comes in in the Dinner scene, and the second is the funny duet of the magistrate and his attendant.
- Blue Eyes. 3. Eb to g. Molloy. 40
A fine tribute to those dangerous Blue Eyes, which work so much mischief.
- The Letter. (La lettre de la Perichole). 3. Eb to e. "La Perichole." 35
Those Merry Dames. (Les femmes il n'y a qu'ça). 3. Ab to a. "La Perichole." 30
"La Perichole" is another of Offenbach's many productions, and its "Letter" is a sweet and very affecting song, while the "Merry Dames" sing a brighter lay.
- Leaves are falling. (Blätter lässt die Blume). 5. B to f. Franz. 30
When along the Wood. (Wand' ich dem Wald). 4. Bb to f. Franz. 40
In Franz's own beautiful style.
- The Minstrel. (Der Minnesänger). 3. C to e. Krebs. 35
A fine Troubadour song, with a "fragrance" in it of the vineyards on the banks of the Rhine.
- I see thee, love, in ev'ry flower. (Ich sehe dich). 4. Ab to g. Abt. 40
Of rare and fine workmanship.

Instrumental.

- On the Beautiful Blue Danube. 2. C. Strauss. Simplified by Knight. 30
Well known favorite.
- Leap Year and Ricci's Waltz. For Guitar. 2. D. Hayden. 25
Arrangements of popular airs.
- Galop Militaire. 4. Eb. Hoffman. 65
A brilliant piece with which to open an exhibition.
- Village Waltz. 2. D. Mooney. 40
All villagers are requested to buy the pretty waltz.
- Tomahawk Galop. V. L. 40
The name is quite appropriate, as the piece is full of clear-cut, incisive, staccato chords. May be marked "First Chop."
- No Thoroughfare Galop. 2. Bb. Coote. 30
Sweet and simple.
- La vie Parisienne. Quadrille. 3. Knight. 40
Offenbach's music, well arranged.
- Passion-flower Waltz. 3. Bb. Coote. 40
Very melodious.
- Sweet Smile Polka. 3. Eb. Grass. 40
Cheerful "smiling" melody.
- La Dame Blanche. Fantaisie Brillante. Op. 105. 5. F. Leybach. 75
Many new effects are brought out, so the well-known music has a character of newness.
- Bell goes a-ringing for Sai-rah. Galop. 2. C. Hunt. 35
Includes the melody of "awfully jolly."

Books.

- WREATH OF GEMS. Paper, \$2.50; Cloth, \$3.00
Full gilt, 4.00
A splendid collection of songs, all very popular and pleasing, and by the best composers.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

